Bush. Tis nothing but conceite (my gracious Lady.)
Queene. Tis nothing leſſe, Conceite is ſtill deriude
From ſome forefather Griefe, mine is not ſo;
For nothing hath begot my ſomething griefe,
Or ſomething hath the nothing that I grieue,
Tis in reuerſion that I doe poſſeſſe:
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, tis nameleſſe woe I wot.
Greene. God ſaue your Maieſtie, & well met gentlemen,
I hope the King is not yet ſhipt for Ireland.
Queene. Why hopeſt thou ſo? tis better hope he is,
For his deſignes craue haſt, his haſt good hope:
Then wherefore doſt thou hope he is not ſhipt?
Greene. That he our hope might haue retirde his power
And driuen into deſpaire an enemies hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this land,
The baniſht *Bullingbrooke* repeales himſelfe,
And with vplifted armes is ſafe ariude at *Ruenſpurgh.*
Queene. Now God in heauen forbid.
Greene. Ah Madam, tis too true; and that is worſe:
The Lord Northumberland, his young Son H. Percie,
The Lords of Roſſe, Beaumond, and Willoughbie,
With all their powerfull friends, are fled to him.
Buſh. Why haue you not proclaimd Northumberland
And the reſt of the reuolting faction, traytours?
Greene. We haue, whereupon the Earle of Worceſter,
Hath broke his Staffe, reſignd his Stewardſhip,
And all the houſhold ſeruants fled with him to *Bullingbroke.*
Queene. So Greene, thou art the Midwife of my woe,
And Bullingbrooke, my ſorrowes diſmall heire:
Now hath my ſoule brought foorth her prodigie,
And I a gaſping new deliuered mother,
Haue woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow ioynd.
Buſh. Diſpaire not Madam.
Queene. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will diſpaire and be at enmitie
With couetous hope, he is a flatterer,
A paraſite, a keeper backe of death,

Who

Who gently would diſſolue the bands of life,
Which falſe hope lingers in extremitie.
Greene. Heere comes the Duke of Yorke.
Queene. With ſignes of Warre about his aged necke
Oh full of carefull buſineſſe are his lookes:
Vnckle, for Gods ſake ſpeake comfortable words.
Yorke. Should I do ſo, I ſhould bely my thoughts,+
Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing liues but croſſes, care, and griefe.
Your Husband he is gone to ſaue farre off,
Whilſt others come to make him looſe at home:
Heere am I left to vnderprop his Land,
Who weake with age, cannot ſupport my ſelfe.
Now comes the ſicke houre that his ſurfet made,
Now ſhall he trie his friends that flattered him.
Seruing. My Lord, your ſonne was gone before I can
Yorke. He was, why ſo; go all which way it will:
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will (I feare) reuolt on *Herfords* ſide.
Sirra, get thee to Plaſhie to my ſiſter Gloceſter,
Bid her ſend me preſently a thouſand Pound,
Hold take my Ring.
Ser. My Lord, I had forgot to tell your Lordſhip,
To day I came by and called there;
But I ſhall grieue you to report the reſt.
Yorke. What i'ſt knaue.
Ser. An houre before I came, the Dutcheſſe died.
Yorke. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes ruſhing on this woefull Land at once?
I know not what to doe: I would to God
(So my vntruth had not prouokt him to it)
The King had cut of my head with my brothers.
What, are there two Poſts diſpatcht for Ireland?
How ſhall we doe for money for theſe Warres?
Come Siſter, Coſin I would ſay; pray pardon me:
Goe fellow, get thee home, prouide ſome Carts,
And bring away the Armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you goe muſter men?

+ This line is wanting in the folio. The
was probably not the copy the editor